Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it ſeemes
Your ſpeciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

*All.* We are very ſorry for't.

*Du.* What in your owne part can you ſay to this?

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is ſo.

*Oth.* Moſt potent, graue and reuerend Seigniors,
My very noble and approoued good Maſters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is moſt true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent, no more. Rude I am in my ſpeach,
And little bleſt with the ſet phraſe of peace,
For ſince theſe armes of mine had ſeuen yeares pith,
Till now ſome nine Moones waſted, they haue vs'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeake,
More then pertaines to feates of broyles, and battaile,
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelfe; yet by your gratious patience,
I would a round vnvarniſh'd tale deliuer,
Of my whole courſe of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For ſuch proceedings am I charg'd withall:)
I won his Daughter.

*Bra.* A maiden neuer bold,
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſht at her ſelfe: and ſhe in ſpight of nature,
Of yeares, of Country, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what ſhe fear'd to looke on?
It is a iudgement maimd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſſe perfection ſo would erre
Againſt all rules of Nature, and muſt be driuen
To find out practiſes of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with ſome mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with ſome dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.

*Du.*



*Du.* To vouch this is no proofe,
Without more certaine and more ouert teſt,
Theſe are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
Of moderne ſeemings, you preferre againſt him.

1 *Sena.* But *Othello* ſpeake,
Did you by indirect and forced courſes,
Subdue and poiſon this young maides affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch faire queſtion,
As ſoule to ſoule affordeth?

*Oth.* I doe beſeech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her ſpeake of me before her Father;
If you doe finde me foule in her report,
The truſt, the Office, I doe hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your ſentence
Euen fall vpon my life.

*Du.* Fetch *Deſdemona* hither. *Exeunt two or three.*

*Oth.* Ancient conduct them, you beſt know the place;
And till ſhe come, as truely as to heauen
I doe confeſſe the vices of my bloud,
So iuſtly to your graue eares Ile preſent,
How I did thriue in this faire Ladyes loue,
And ſhe in mine.

*Du.* Say it *Othello.*

*Oth.* Her father loued me, oft inuited me,
Still queſtioned me the ſtory of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, ſeiges, fortunes
That I haue paſt:
I ran it through, euen from my boyiſh dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I ſpake of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moouing accidents, by flood and field;
Of haire-breadth ſcapes ith imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlauery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my trauells hiſtorie;
Wherein of Antars vaſt, and Deſarts idle,
Rough quaries, rockes and hils, whoſe heads touch heauen,

It